

A Trip Across the Continent,

BY THE

GRAND LODGE OF UNITED STATES, I.O.O.F.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

AN ADDRESS,

ON THE OCCASION OF THE

CONFERRING OF DEGREE OF REBEKAH,

BY

AMERICAN LODGE, No. 170,

AND

METROPOLITAN LODGE, No. 142,

DECEMBER 14th, 1869.

By P. G. JAMES DALTON.



CINCINNATI:

R. N. CARTER, PRINTER, 66 WEST THIRD ST., BET. WALNUT & VINE.

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CINCINNATI, January 27th, 1870.

P. G. JAMES DALTON :

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—By order of the Lodge, I herewith transmit to you a copy of the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by AMERICAN LODGE. No. 170, I. O. O. F. of Ohio. at a regular session held January 25th, 1870 :

Resolved. That this Lodge request Past Grand JAMES DALTON, of Metropolitan Lodge, No. 142, to publish his address delivered at our Rebekah Degree meeting of Tuesday, Dec. 14th. 1869.

Resolved, That the Recording Secretary transmit Past Grand JAMES DALTON a copy of these resolutions. with the Seal of the Lodge attached.

Fraternally yours,

W. E. MOORHEAD, REC. SEC.

ADDRESS.

Officers and Members of American and Metropolitan Lodges :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

Your Committee of Arrangements having honored me with an invitation to address you on this interesting occasion, I shall claim, to some extent, indulgence on your part, in complying with their request.

You were this evening convened for a very pleasant purpose—one which you all fully realize and doubtless appreciate, judging by the interest manifested in advancing the knowledge and excellence of our Order; a purpose of performing a duty whose offices are benevolent and kind—offices in which we find the ladies ever ready and willing to aid and assist, and for which they, by their sympathizing nature, are so well adapted. To-night we have witnessed their willingness to consecrate their lives, if need be, to acts of charity and love: to soothe and cheer the distressed in every affliction; in emulation of those bright examples of womanly goodness which Holy Writ refers us to. In the progress of our Order, these are its fruits. Fifty years ago, in the city of Baltimore, a humble man wielded a great iron hammer, and as he let it fall upon the firm anvil and heated iron while fiery sparks hissed, and flew hither and thither, his great heart throbbed in unison with the noble thoughts that engaged his mind. And what were those thoughts? They sought to plan a philanthropic system whereby man's mental and moral condition might be improved and benefitted. Since then the germ has bloomed and ripened into precious fruit! Since then the heavy hammer has lain idly by beneath the dust of fifty years; but the Blacksmith's life has been one grand effort to found an Order whose object was to fraternize mankind! Has he succeeded? No echo need answer, for the

answer is found in the presence of these good brothers and sisters who throng this hall to-night—aye more, throughout this land of ours. Somewhere I found a beautiful poem, which also contains the answer, and is entitled “ *Willey's Dream* : ”

A blacksmith stood, at his anvil good,
 Just fifty years ago,
 And struck in his might, to the left and right,
 The iron all aglow.
 And fast and far, as each miniature star
 Illumined the dusky air,
 The sparks of his mind left a halo behind,
 Like the aureola of prayer.

Again he stood at his anvil good
 With an angel by his side,
 While he rested his sledge on its iron edge
 And blew up his bellows wide;
 He kindled the flame till the white heat came,
 Then murmured in accents low:
 “All ready am I your bidding to try,
 As far as mortal may go.”

So he hammer'd and wrought, and toiled and fought
 Till Aurora peeped over the plain;
 When the angel flew by, and ascended on high,
 But left on the anvil a chain!
 Its links were as bright as heaven's own light,
 As pure as the fountain of youth;
 And bore on each fold, in letters of gold,
 This token: Love, Friendship and Truth.

As the dreamer awoke, he peered through the smoke
 At the anvil that slept by his side;
 And then in a wreath of flower-bound sheaf,
 The triple linked chain he espied.
 Odd Fellowship's gem is that bright diadem,
 Our Emblem in age and in youth;
 For our hearts we must prove in the fire of Love,
 And mould with the hammer of Truth.

Those thoughts spread far and wide, and still the answer is not complete. Those same three links, still entwining Odd Fellowship, are touching the homeshores of the Atlantic and the

Pacific, and ere long within their magic circle shall be embraced "Old Fatherland" Germany; as, at the last session of the Grand Lodge, a commission was appointed to introduce the Order there; and, if successful, as it surely will be, great and grand results will follow.

But I am to tell you of the trip across the Continent, made by several members of our Order, and those representatives who went to attend the last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, held at San Francisco, California. Without detaining you long, or exhausting your patience, I shall endeavor to give you a brief account of that trip, with the hope, as my reward, that you will be at least interested.

In company of some twelve or fifteen members of our Order, and also a number of ladies, we left Cincinnati on the sixth of September last, via Chicago, arriving there early the following morning. The Order in Chicago extended to us a hearty welcome, and the kindness of showing how comfortable they can make strangers feel, for you all know Chicagoians never fail to embrace an opportunity of showing how magnificent and hospitable their great city is. We passed a pleasant evening with one of their Lodges, to which we had the honor of being introduced by the Grand Master of Illinois, Brother ELLIS. Here our company was again increased, and now numbered nearly one hundred persons, among whom was our Right Worthy Grand Sire, E. D. FARNSWORTH, and that venerable old Patriarch of our Order, Grand Secretary JAS. L. RIDGLEY; and also many more ladies. We bade "Good Morning" to Chicago early on the eighth, and left in a special train for Omaha. Our trip across the State of Illinois down to the Missouri river, was fraught with real pleasure, all endeavoring to make the hours pass happily on; and with such joyful company, and the plentiful "lunch baskets," time fled gayly as we moved swiftly over the broad fields of Illinois and Iowa, which seemed loaded down with corn and wheat enough to feed the world; and as we rode over those two great Western States, Illinois and Iowa, out from our hearts and off our lips spontaneously came the exclamation: "Glorious Country, this of ours;" "God's Country, My Country!"

Splendid weather favored us, and nothing marred our pleasure as we journeyed on toward Omaha, at which place we arrived safely on the 9th. Here the whole delegation, en route to the session

of the Grand Lodge, assembled, and now numbered nearly one hundred and seventy-five persons. Every State and Territory of the Union was represented. After securing comfortable quarters in that young and flourishing city on the Missouri, we proceeded, as per previous arrangement, to the Odd Fellows Hall, to receive the welcome which the brothers of Nebraska had to extend to us. Their welcome was warm and generous, indeed—worthy of greater praise than I can bestow in the brief time allotted me. However, a slight mention is due them. As we marched to their Hall, the music of our souls kept time and tune to the music of many bands that enlivened the occasion, while in chorus fluttered, in the breeze above us, the banners of our Order and country; and this welcome came not alone from the brotherhood of Omaha, or from the State, through its Grand Master; nor yet alone from the municipal authorities; but the beauty—the ladies of Omaha—greeted us, and cheered us onward by their presence and smiles; and by the banqueting table they so luxuriously and bounteously supplied, they kindly cared for and remembered the tired traveler. In the morning we met the committee of brothers from California, whose mission was to receive us at Omaha, and escort us to our destination, San Francisco. As we clasped hands we felt a sure fraternal feeling, that they were indeed brothers, and, by their ample and full provision for crossing the Continent, promised a trip of rare pleasure and comfort. At ten o'clock we left Omaha in another train of Pullman's Palace Cars, which were built in magnificent splendor, sumptuously carpeted and elegantly draped, equal indeed to any of our resplendant modern drawing rooms. Thus amid the waving of many handkerchiefs, and as many "God bless you," we left the good people and brothers of Omaha.

We were now fairly on our way. The Committee, in their unremitting efforts to make us feel cheerful and happy; had provided a good stock of California's luscious wines, her rich ripe fruit of pears, grapes, &c.; and "all went as merry as a marriage bell." Even the Commissary Car served up our meals in *Metropolitan* style.

We sped along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and soon were crossing the great plains of the Great Platte Valley. This road, about which so much has been said and written, in my opinion, is well ballasted and smooth, and as good a road as any

in the country, East or West. A few bridges must needs be strengthened—but has ever a new road been built that such has not been found necessary?

The scene within the cars was merry; while without, a glance showed us we were passing over the broad hunting grounds of the savage and the wild buffalo country. As yet, neither Indians nor buffalo had attracted our attention: the Indians had started, and were doubtless far out on their fall hunt, south of the Platte river; while the buffalo, "taking time by the forelock," and the crack of the Indian's rifle as ominous of no good to them, had started earlier, and were doubtless still farther south of their fleet and wily enemy. We passed over the beautiful valley and river of Elkhorn. The valley is finely adapted for farms as far out as Columbus, where the Pawnee Indians are located on their reservation. As we sped along, I noticed that since my visit here two years ago, many new villages had sprung into existence, and Civilization's March was on—still on through the Great West. Our next stopping place was Grand Island, where we partook of our first dinner on the plains, for which \$1.25 was asked and paid, and of which no complaint could be entered, as everything desirable was abundantly furnished. The order, "All Aboard" sounded in our ears, and soon we were again rolling over rich Western Valley's, stopping at North Platte, a town where we changed engines: the only principal feature of which was a neat, clean and commodious hotel. We passed Fort Kearney, stopping at Plum Creek, where our engine received a fresh supply of wood, and where the Indians some two years ago perpetrated a raid on the road, destroying the entire train, killing the brakeman and engineer, and leaving the conductor, as they thought, dead, with an arrow piercing his body, but who still lives to show his *scalp* to his friends as a trophy of that conflict. Unless I am wrongly informed, no other train has ever been destroyed on this road. It was now eleven o'clock, and while some of our party had sought rest, others moved about the train and amused themselves by watching the hands "wood up." While this operation was going on, one of the "roughs" of that Western country walked through our train, and seemed disposed, by his treacherous look, to crave a scalp, a gold watch, an overflowing pocket book, or any trivial thing, just to retain as a memento of us; another was spoiling for a fight; but,

as he was too slow, our train moved on, and we left him battling with an imaginary opponent.

A bright morning dawned, and ten o'clock found us as far on our way as the Black Hills and Cheyenne, where we collected and sent home to our loved ones, pencil sketches of mountains, and mountain scenery that loomed up majestically before our wondering vision. Cheyenne is a fine frontier town, and is destined at no distant day to be one of much importance. Just about this time we discovered we were "becoming elevated" in the world, inasmuch as we had "gone up" some 6041 feet above the level of the sea. The shrill whistle of the locomotive and the sharp call of the Conductor, "All Aboard," are imperative orders, not to be mistaken under any circumstances, consequently we obeyed, and again we were off.

It did not take long to leave many miles in our rear, nor present to view the first range of the grand old Rocky mountains, and soon we were ascending the greatest altitude between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Yet onward and upward we went, our powerful engine puffing and snorting, struggling up the steep mountains, as if wearied of its load. The grade is about 90 feet to the mile, and we had to rise over 2300 feet in 30 miles. At last we began to realize we were nearing the extreme height, as overcoats and shawls were brought into requisition quite readily, for the winds had now become extremely chilly, and the temperature had fallen rapidly. Finally we reached the summit, 8,250 feet above the surging seas. In such a trip, the tourist finds many sights and scenes, not only to interest but deeply impress him with awe and wonder. They awaken admiration for nature's sublime beauties, and veneration for nature's divine Creator. From the small burrowing prairie dog to the wild ferocious beast—from the immense masses of upheaved rocks, that look like orient ruins long deserted, to the broad expanse of immeasurable views of rivers, lakes and colossal mountains—all speaking of omniscient wisdom. Certainly the soul is lost to pure and noble feeling that fails to find in the grandeur of creation, the hand and power of One supremely divine.

The descent began; and the road still wound round mountain after mountain. At Laramie, our next stopping place, we had served for us a fine dinner of antelope steak and prairie chicken,

with luscious fruit from golden California. We next passed Fort Saunders, where a detachment of soldiers were stationed to protect the citizens. Still descending, yet midst mountain heights, we saw many small settlements, all enjoying an abundance of thrift; while here and there we heard the rippling music of some beautiful mountain river. After partaking of a comfortable supper at Rawlinge, our train started on again, we prepared ourselves for another night's rest, though several were kept awake by severe colds contracted the night previous. The following day we passed over Green river, where are found those fine specimens of moss agate, which, after passing through the artist's hands, are manufactured into beautiful articles of jewelry. Men and boys come through the cars offering for sale very fine specimens, some of which many of our party purchased as relics, at prices ranging from 25 cents to \$1.00.

We now realize it was the Sabbath, and the command, "to keep it Holy," was religiously remembered; the sound of sacred music, and the voice of prayer ascending to heaven in thanks for kind care and protection. After whirling through the range—one mighty elevation following close upon another—and crossing many more beautiful streams, we reached Wabsatch, where there is quite a settlement. The people dwell in tents made of heavy canvas, which they claim are quite warm and comfortable. By the roadside, and around the settlement, were encamped a large number of emigrant families traveling, not as we were, on a trip of pleasure, but to find a home in the far distant West.

Moving on again, we soon found ourselves in Echo Canon, where the rocks tower thousands of feet, almost perpendicularly over our heads. In color they are a yellowish red, and as the bright rays of a clear sun falls hither and thither upon their visible fronts, they look like huge blocks of glittering gold, temptingly offered by nature as a part of her inexhaustible wealth. Looking up they canopy our heads; a glance below, and the scene is one of rare and perfect grandeur and beauty. A bright, beautiful river—the Weber—rolls its clear crystal waters among great gorges and deep ravines far, far below, thus forming a picture with which grand old painters of yore would gladly have penciled the finest canvas. 'Tis here the cars stop, especially to afford passengers the opportunity of witnessing what I have but faintly

described. With uncovered heads, we gathered around our worthy chaplain, the Rev. J. W. VENABLE, of Ky., who with uplifted hands raised his voice to Heaven, in a prayer of deep, earnest thanks, and invocation for protection on our journey—a prayer that penetrated and found a responsive echo in every heart. The scene will never pass from the memory of one that witnessed it, until the mind be stilled by death, as lapse of time will never efface it from our memories. Moving on again, the scene increased in grandeur, beauty and deeper interest. Again we met Weber's waters still rushing down the mountain's side, this time between two huge rocks, which form what is called Devil's Gate. Our next stopping point was echo valley, where there is quite a settlement, and is the last town east of King Brigham Young's dominions, which our "party of Gentiles" soon encroached upon. Many of the Mormon villages now appeared in view; but what we had seen of mormon life satisfied our curiosity for a time; consequently we passed around their metropolis, Salt Lake City, via Ogden and Corinne to Promontory, the end of the Union Pacific R. R., at which place we arrived at 12 P. M., where we changed cars and started out on the Central Pacific R. R., 816 miles distant from Sacramento. To include 800 miles from Cincinnati to Omaha, we had traveled up to 12 P. M. Sunday, 1884 miles. At Promontory, whose people also live in canvas tents—no wooden house being there at all—we were received in a manner altogether unexpected, and not before participated. As we approached the station, we discovered bonfires blazing in all parts of the town, which, of course, excited our curiosity to know the reason thereof. We anticipated a different welcome; instead, however, a scene we had often heard of yet never witnessed, amused us. Before many of their tents, fires burned brightly, and around tables, covered with coarse army blankets, uncouth rough looking men were gathered, all apparently deeply interested in a game called "three card monte." A tall man, with dark, heavy whiskers, and very large green goggles, seemed to be the presiding genius; and as he handled the many pieces of bright glittering gold, in his *nonchalant* manner, he called out in the hackneyed voice of an auctioneer: "Who'll take a twenty, forty, fifty or a hundred dollar chance?—black spot turning up takes the gold." "Wa'll, I'll bet ten dollars," cried another seedy bystander, but "No, yer don't," returned Green

Goggles—"nothing less than a twenty gold 'un, down on this table." Down goes the gold twenty, and the black spot turns up. "Faint heart never won a fair woman," musically falls in delicious nasal harmony from old Green Goggles, but the charming and seductive trap did not succeed in drawing any of our party into their game; and while a feeling assured us all that we had passed one point of personal danger, and a reception not the least promising, our train moved on; and thus we left them to test their enterprising arts on others more verdant than we.

While many enjoyed the invigorating powers of Morpheus, others passed the moments away in thinking of home, until the hand of time pointed out the new hours of another day, and the brightly beaming smiles of the morning's sun were fairly thrown in our faces, thus awaking all to the fact that we had passed beyond that "rest" for "Saints," Utah Territory, and were descending into the great America Sahara—a desert five hundred miles long. On we sped through this barren waste, while Sol rose higher and higher, and the white sandy alkali dust brought premature age to our locks; not the least sprig of grass, or the shade of any tree was to be seen; nothing seemed before us but a broad and mighty sea of shifting sand and sage brush, and heartily glad were we when we reached the end of the great desert, and over a river bearing the name of that great explorer, HUMBOLDT.

Large quantities of silver and fine minerals are found near and upon the banks of this river. One silver mine, Mineral Point, is said to produce eight to ten thousand dollars to the tun. Toano was our next stopping place; and here we partook of a meal prepared entirely by Chinese, and which we enjoyed fully as well as did John Chinaman the \$1.00 greenback we paid him, as his price for the meal. We found them scattered along on either side of the road for miles, seeming to be contented and happy.

The Pacific R. R. will be the means of introducing into this country, this kind of labor rapidly. While those grand old mountains furnished the immense quantities of lumber required in building that road, God, directing man as his agent in the work, imported the laborer, the Chinese; and this, no doubt, will be one of the grand mediums in finally christianizing that great Nation. Thousands of these people are now making rapid advances in

civilization; they readily learn to read and write, being susceptible of fine education.

Another long stretch of the sandy desert, and it passed from our view, we touched the greatest of all wonders, the Sierra Nevada mountains, whose loftiness and grandeur are exceeded by none on this continent. Our two powerful and trusty engines vigorously carried us still onward and upward, and as we rose higher and higher the grandeur and beauty of the scene increased, until now it seemed almost indescribable. Imagination even fails to picture the majestic reality of the scene. As we journeyed on through those mighty and everlasting mountains—as, when our train stood still, and we walked to the road's edge and glanced many thousand feet below, our wondering vision followed the foaming waters of that crystal river—the Truckee—in their wild meandering, mile upon mile, over and among huge craggy rocks, thus forming a miniature Niagara, and a picture that neither they who wield the most powerful pen in poetry or prose, or the fine and graphic crayon could paint, even in their imaginary conception, but half of its sublime reality—each and all felt and recognized in this the hand and power of an eternal divine Creator, and an immutable Being.

Finally, we gained the summit, 7,042 feet high, and after once more viewing the awfully grand spectacle nature presented, we entered on the descent, and the first place of note and interest that next appeared, was Cape Horn, where again the glance falls far below 'midst fearful depths, gorges and ravines, that made us shudder to contemplate. This point is one of great grandeur and beauty. The next station bore the name of our worthy Vice President, COLFAX, the founder of our beautiful Degree of Rebekah. Many of the good people of Colfax boarded the train, not to make long reception speeches, but to offer us a fresh supply of rich California fruit. We found that they were not entirely strange to us, as we discovered them to be "brothers of our friendly order," priding themselves with a first rate working Lodge, which received from us three hearty cheers.

From this point we descended rapidly, our train only stopping for a moment to permit us to see Lake Donner, a magnificent body of water. Again we walked to the road's edge, and looked thou-

sands of feet below upon its transparent waters; and, as the sun's rays danced over their broad surface, it seemed as if we were looking into a vast mirror brilliantly burnished.

Now that this great national road is completed, we may expect some of the rarest and finest natural scenery that has ever been transferred to canvas.

The lovely valley of Sacramento was next presented to our view; and as we neared and entered Sacramento city, from workshop and dwelling came the people waving handkerchiefs, and tendering a full and free welcome to our party, representing as we did, every State and Territory in the union. A committee escorted us to the different hotels engaged for us, and which, I assure you, we were glad to reach, after five days and four nights of constant riding.

A highly enjoyable supper after, and an evening passed in interchange of general conversation, interesting to all, we retired to rest—the only real rest we had had for many nights.

The following morning we were shown the many interesting sights, the city of Sacramento had to show us—such as its perpetually blooming flowers and trees—the Oleander, Fig, Orange, Pomegranate and Palm. After dinner, together with the Lodges of Sacramento and vicinity, we formed into procession, and marched in grand pageant, to where the officers of the Grand Lodge were to lay the corner-stone of a new I. O. O. F. Hall; and, as they very beautifully and imposingly performed the interesting ceremonies, and the stone securely laid, we felt ourselves bound to our strange brothers, and to our fellowman stronger and firmer by Odd Fellowship's Chain, than ever before. Returning to our hotels, we prepared ourselves, and attended a grand banquet given in honor of the Grand Lodge. Any attempt to describe the bounteous luxury of the tables would be vain. The Ladies of Sacramento graced the occasion in distinguished numbers. From the banqueting room we repaired to the spacious hall where Terpsichore presided; hundreds danced to melodious music, in which they engaged until the hours passed to the soft gray twilight of morning, and bade us seek rest. Our rest, however, was of short duration, as we were awakened quite early and hurried to the train that was to convey us to our journey's end. Again we were winding around lofty hills and rolling through valleys, nearing

our destination. "Almeda!" cried our obliging conductor. Hardly could we realize that we were to bid adieu to further railroad travel until we should return home. Yet such was the joyful fact. Almeda is the residence of California's Grand Representative Bro. Nathan PORTER, by whom we were kindly received and taken to his magnificent mansion, with ornamental grounds attached, where a fine lunch had been spread and was in waiting for us; and after doing full justice to our brother's hospitality, we passed on to a fine steamer, which soon carried us over the bay, and landed us on the shore of San Francisco. As we entered the haven so far distant from our own dear homes, a thrill of joy penetrated the heart of each weary traveler—weariness, did I say? No, I recall that; for as we stepped upon the shore, all weariness was dissipated. The city's bell rang forth in hospitable tones, martial music cheered us onward, while many thousand people marched in columns before and in rear of our carriages, escorting us through those elegant streets which were thronged with people, to the spacious theater, where we were cordially and fraternally welcomed in a speech by the Grand Master of California, Bro. HARMON, and which was responded to with equal feeling by our Right Worthy Grand Sire, E. D. FARNESWORTH; after which, we retired to our hotels—establishments that will compare with any in the East, and bring the blush to Cincinnati.

The succeeding morning, the elegant steamer, Senator, carried us down the bay of San Francisco. The numerous beauties of the bay were pointed out to us. The famous "Golden Gate" was an especial object of interest. We returned to the city for dinner; after which, we visited Woodward's Gardens, which contain a fine collection of wild animals; and a drive on the road around the bay as far as the Cliff House, was enjoyed delightfully. Here we saw those wonderful creatures, the sea dogs, or seals, sunning themselves upon huge rocks, far out from the shore, and making the air hideous with their shrill yelpings. One great fellow appeared like a lion, ever and anon raising his huge head, and roaring tremendously, and has been named, on account of a resemblance, "Ben Butler." Next a trip around the bay by rail, visiting San Jose and Santa Clara, and other beautiful places; and scattered along the road were many handsome residences—fairly palatial, and elegant enough for a Prince to reside in. To particularize, is

beyond my province ; but to mention briefly, was the residence of a Mr. BARRON, a gentleman :

Old and wealthy, as a nabob living,
 Kind and clever, and generous of heart,
 Sly and cunning, and yet never shunning,
 And yet never caught by young Cupid's art.

His whole establishment is one of luxury and ease, and as yet, wherever I have traveled, I have seen nothing surpassing it. Many of the merchants of San Francisco dwell in these elegant suburban villas. While we invite the stranger to our classic "Over the Rhine," San Franciscoians lead us away to their "Celestial Corner," a portion of their city the Chinese occupy. They appear to be always busy, trading mostly among themselves, and are seemingly contented in their new sphere of life. We visited their Temple where they worship in their peculiar manner, and as we entered, they showed us marked respect. Their mode of living, doing business, and worship, was indeed curious, and withal, deeply interesting to us. They delight in their gambling houses, in which they maintain the strictest order, and allow no strangers to enter unless accompanied by a policeman. They patronize a theater exclusively controlled by themselves, and wherein only Chinese actors are engaged. I venture to say, should you ever visit one of their theaters, you will at once declare yourself to be in a perfect Babel. Many families employ them as servants, and, I am informed, they make reliable help. They are neat, clean and industrious ; but one thing, however, is to be regretted : they indulge in considerable vice—their women especially being very obscene, and living a depraved life.

San Francisco is built up, street after street, of elegant business and substantial private and public buildings, and which are not surpassed by any city in the union, either in architectural or modern convenience. Their Churches, Public Library and Chamber of Commerce and Hotels, claim particular mention, but which now must needs be passed by. There the Odd Fellows are further in the advance, in every respect, of their brethren in the jurisdiction of the G. L., U. S. They hold up, while the citizens look upon Odd Fellowship as an order exalted to the highest of all honorable, moral, intellectual and beneficent positions. The Odd Fellows of

San Francisco may justly pride themselves in having the finest Lodge rooms in the U. S. Their Union Hall stands preeminent. Besides its elaborately frescoed and commodious Lodge rooms, there is, in the same building, a library and reading room, where literature from all parts of the civilized world is gathered, and may be perused at leisure, or an hour or so be whiled away in such social and amusing games as chess, chequers, &c.; a Printing Department, where the *Age*, and other Odd Fellows literature is printed, and an Odd Fellows Saving Bank, which is supported by the fraternity exclusively. This magnificent building is valued at \$250,000 in gold, and is owned by the different Lodges meeting therein. Thus, to be an Odd Fellow in California, you must live devoted to its noble, pure and great principles. At its portals the best of men are knocking, and thus the Order moves on to higher position. Just here I will embrace the opportunity of mentioning our own great need of a better hall. You all will at once admit that such is our present want. Then let me ask you to emulate the action of our brothers in the far West. Let us build for ourselves a Temple that will compare equally with that in San Francisco. Nay, more; go farther still and excel, until you have reared an edifice that will nobly speak and picture, what volumes cannot, your deeds and your devotion. Let it be a proud monument—perishable only by nature's destroying elements, to remain long after your warm heart, that now throbs for others woes, or your extended hand that offers now the gift of charity, have ceased their works of love. Rear you now a Temple, and it will be an enduring admiration for all future time. The opportunity is now offered, and will you shrink from its acceptance? I hope not.

But to return. The climate of California is always delightful; for it is seldom extreme cold weather occurs. The temperature has in nineteen years only been six times at 90 degrees, and seldom below 40 degrees. There is never such a thing as a thunder and lightning storm; they never prefer their earthquakes to our storms. Tropical and other fruit grow in abundance, and is the finest in the world. I have seen pears that measured ten inches long, and bunches of grapes, fifteen inches, weighing eight pounds to the bunch. They claim that because of the very healthy climate, people never die there; and in this connection they tell us an

amusing story, now passed into legend: "An old citizen who had resided twenty years or more in California, and had lived nearly man's allotted time of three score years and ten, concluded that he ought to die, but could not in California. So he moved to one of the Eastern States, died there, and was buried. But his love for the Golden State went with him e'en down to his last hours, and some say through death's dark valley and shadow also. In making his will, he provided for the removal of his body to California, and directed it should be done immediately following his decease. All this was properly done, and his remains deposited in the cemetery there, and orders left for a fine monument to be placed over his grave. But because of the exceedingly healthy climate, and before the marble cutter could fill the order for his monument, this same old gentleman was seen walking the streets again in perfect health!"

Ohio's Grand Representative, Bro. JOHN W. CARTER, conferred the Degree of Rebekah on seventy-six ladies one evening in their Lodge room, in his usual eloquent and impressive manner. The occasion is another never to be forgotten by those who participated. The following morning, after the adjournment of the Grand Lodge, our whole delegation divided into separate parties, each to visit where they deemed the most interest would be found. Among our party was our venerable JAS. L. RIDGELY and wife, and P. G. SIRE RACE, of New Orleans, and Rep. HERVEY BROWN and wife, of Tennessee. The party in which I was, desired to visit the Geyser's spring, we went by boat to Vallego, thence by rail to Callistoga, where we tarried long enough to lunch; and from thence again, by stage to the world-wide famous Geyser's springs. Let me ask you to take an imaginary ride with me as far as these mineral springs. Remember, with you it will be only an imaginary ride, but with our party it was one of fearful reality. Let us seat ourselves in a long, uncovered coach, drawn by four strong horses, and off we will start at full gallop, a ride of six miles through the dust has brought us to the mountain's base. A short rest and we enter on the ascent. Slowly we move on, until the summit is gained, and now the descent has begun. 'Tis quite rapin and steep; yet, for safety sake, our driver breaks down on the wheels with full force, while the horses are still on a full run, and our coach moves over the mountain road at lively speed.

Notice that the road is narrow, and only one vehicle can pass over it at any one point: others may go before, or follow in rear, yet not side by side can two move along. Our horses are still running—look before you, you cannot see the leaders, for they are quickly around the sharp curve—look again, but half their body do you see this time; again, and they are out of sight once more. And so it is. But note not the horses alone, for while they whirl us around these fearfully short curves, we must not forget they carry us over an extremely narrow road, wide only from wheel to wheel, with scarce six inches to spare. Lean forward to your left, but slightly though, lest your weight thrown there too much will overbalance, and the chasm is deep and dark below, not far from three thousand feet. Aye! life's crimson fluid runs chilling through your veins, and your whole frame shudders and trembles like the quivering aspen, while your precious breath is held as if in life's last suspense, as you glance almost perpendicularly three thousand feet below. Glance at what? In that vertiginous depth, there runs a stream of water pure and crystal. The refulgent rays from the sun fall upon it, and then you question: "Is it a stream of water?" No; 'tis but a thread of silver, a mile or more in length. But the sun is now sinking slowly to its setting. Your eyesight seems growing infirm. Again, as you shrink back in horror, you think of the abyss below, and the brink you are riding on, and you arouse yourself to find you are beneath the shade of night—but 'tis not darkness—'tis only the soft, gray twilight of the approaching evening that dims your vision; but the dimness does not last long; for while you look toward yon West, vainly hoping to catch one faintly lingering gleam from the now vanished sun to cheer your way, you turn despondingly away only to utter a shout of joy as you turn your eye heavenward, and think "He made the stars also," for now they shine above you like brilliant diamonds; your shout of joy swells as you direct your eye towards the orient, and as your gaze becomes well nigh fixed, a full round moon rises, till near over your head it smiles down upon you, and laughs at your tremor and fear. With a venturesome feeling you glance again, and this time behold down on that far off bottom, long, narrow fragments of a broken mirror; you shrink back at the awe-inspiring scene, but the beautiful moon bids you be of good cheer, and keeps you company, lighting your narrow road,

until the light of the Geyser House, far down at the bottom of the mountain, breaks forth upon our vision, and was hailed with joy, indeed, by our whole party. Then once more you find yourself leaning toward the left, peering down between the mountain's sides, that now almost kiss each other, and which a draughtman's rod would apparently connect: your heart throbs with gladness as you find yourself safely over and at the base of the mountain. You are mistaken if you think this an ideal picture, touched by imagination's graphic pen. It is one of nature's sublime and truthful scenes, and must needs be viewed to be fully realized. I atwasa ride fraught with thrilling fear and wonder, and a feeling far from being pleasant. However, after a warm supper we retired, and in the morning we employed a guide, and started to see still greater wonders, the Geyser Springs. The scenery around them is wild, picturesque and grand in the extreme. The springs are the grandest freaks of nature in the world. They contain great quantities of sulphur, iron, soda, ammonia, magnesia, and other alkali-genous substances: many are continually boiling, and 'no matter where you may tread, there is a steaming and seething under your feet: you walk, as it were, upon a sponginous crust, which seems to rise, sink and shake under your tread, and many places it is hot enough to crisp your shoe soles. The surrounding atmosphere is extremely sulphurous, and an irresistible feeling creeps over you that you are in the immediate neighborhood of Old Belzebub's dominions—at least we experienced such a one, and consequently our curiosity was soon satisfied.

The succeeding day we departed for Sacramento, and arrived there the following morning, and remained until six o'clock of the next morning, when we started for, and, after another ride through the Sierra Nevadas, arrived at Truckee, where we spent a short time in visiting surrounding sights, prominent among which was Lake Tahoe, said to be the highest body of water known of its size in the world. It has been fathomed 3,100 feet, and as yet found bottomless. It is clear as crystal, and very fine trout is found here in great abundance; is thirty-five miles long and fifteen wide. Another point of interest was Cornelian Bay, some few miles distant from Tahoe, from whence comes the article manufactured into jewelry. An enterprizing Ohio man, a good Odd Fellow, Bro. W. B. LYON, has established a very nice hotel there, and

does a profitable business accommodating pleasure seekers, who can there find amusement in fishing, hunting, sailing on the lake, or rolling ten pins at Bro. Lyon's house. This is truly a delightful resort, and will be eventually preferred to the Eastern shore, or the White mountains. Bidding adieu to Bro. Lyon, we returned to Truckee, and met the train having on board the balance of our delegation. We found nearly all sleeping soundly, doubtless "dreaming the happy hours away." Another ride through the long desert, and we arrived at Uintah, where we took the stage for the "blessed city," Salt Lake, distant thirty-five miles. When near the city, a committee of Odd Fellows—for Odd Fellows are even in Mormondom—met and escorted us to a hotel, whose proprietor is a jolly Mormon with three wives, and doubtless has now another, as he told us he was "calculating" for the fourth. While there, we were shown the "Holy Tabernacle," and other public and private buildings. The temple is perfectly round, with a roof cycloid or bell shape, and very thick walls, and is capable of comfortably seating ten thousand people. We were introduced to Brigham Young, and attended worship at his temple, where we listened to an interesting address by him. He has sixty-four wives scattered throughout Utah. Thirty-four are in the city, only twelve, however, being with him in his mansion. He is now sixty-five years old, yet is in possession of remarkably good health, mentally and physically, which he attributes to the non-use of tea, coffee and intoxicating liquors. He peacefully rules and guides an hundred and fifty thousand people, and while many a man complains of having to govern and control *one* wife, he manages *sixty-four* with perfect harmony, but it is just sixty-three more than I desire to care for. His "small family" consists of sixty-four wives, eighty boys, and one hundred and twenty girls, all told—two hundred and sixty-four persons, exclusive of himself. He claims there is less trouble and expense with all these, than by our marital system. Fancy this happy family around a good old-fashioned thanksgiving dinner, and what a joyful scene it would be. The Odd Fellows have a neat, comfortable hall, and a flourishing Lodge, as also a Rebekah Degree Lodge, separate and independent. Both are working finely, though they contend with much opposition, as Odd Fellowship finds no favor with Brigham, yet they feel encouraged.

Salt Lake City is a neat and clean place, though wanting in handsome buildings. Yet the beautiful river, Jordan, running through the center of the city, is a grand attraction.

On our return to Uintah, we prepared for the long ride to Omaha, and from thence directly home.

Such was the trip across the Continent. And now, in conclusion, there are many things I might say for the good of the Order; though the good the Order is doing, speaks for itself. It has taught man the true fraternal relation, by impressing upon his mind the fact that God is the common Father of all. It has made him more just, more reliant of his fellowman's integrity, and considerate of his wants; and while he is an every day witness of its deeds of love and charity, in his heart increases pride and thanks for such kindly offices. Of the present, and of the future, he is more thoughtful and solicitous. The true and good Odd Fellow ever keeps in mind its fraternal commands, and what are they? One clothes itself with wings and flies hither and thither to the bed of sickness, and lays a soothing hand upon a fevered brow, or whispers words of cheer in lonely hours. Another speaks words of comfort to the disconsolate, and holds out the full hand of charity to the distressed. Occasionally the grim old warden, death, summons from the Lodge room a brother, and erases his honored name from the roll book. Our duty then is sad and mournful: it affectionately bids us to "bury the dead," though it ends not here. Under its protecting wings we gather the weeping widow and her tender orphan, and provide them a shelter strong and secure, against the ills of life. Thus, as an angel of mercy, it is going about, visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, burrying the dead, and educating the orphan. Is there one here that has in his heart no love, no pride for this, our Order, whose record stands unblemished? I feel that from your heart comes only the one responsive echo: "Not one!" Henceforth let us, one and all, step higher on this ladder of universal brotherhood, whose rounds glitter with golden letters, spelling FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, TRUTH, FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY.

ANNUAL REBEKAH DEGREE,
ENTERTAINMENT

OF

American Lodge, No. 170,

AND

Metropolitan Lodge, No. 142,

I. O. O. F., OF OHIO,

AT EAGLE HALL, S. W. Corner Eighth & Central Avenue,

TUESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14th, 1889.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS:

JAMES DALTON, P. G., METROPOLITAN LODGE, No. 142.

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SOLO: VIOLIN,	. . .	DR. M. A. WILSON.
BALLAD,	. . .	J. C. McLAUGHLIN.
DUETT: FLUTE,	. . .	JAS. MURDOCK, JR., A. W. HENTZ

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